THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, October 5, 1807.

THE LETTER-BOX.

No. 5.

EUGENIO TO ELLEN.

THE well-known amiable disposition of my fair correspondent renders an apology for my frequent addresses perfectly unnecessary; and so sincerely am I interested in her prosperity, that I shall not resign my pen, while I consider my exertions at all likely to amuse or instruct her. Happiness (says the bard) is our being's end and aim; and, taking this for granted, it astonishes me to observe that, in the ardency of pursuit, not one in a thousand chooses the right road. In the sweet spring of life, happiness appears centred in the years of maturity, but when we really arrive at that period, we look back regretfully to the days of our youth, as the most delightful æra of existence. Come then, my Ellen, let us consider the subject attentively, and discover, if we can, the error that blinds the mistaken multitude. The hope of happiness is a stimulus to exertion, the mainspring of emulation, and the object of our constant solicitude; and yet very few, I fear, can give me its definition. Let us ask the fashionable Sylvio! Sylvio will tell us that happiness consists in decorating his elegant figure with the fantastic trappings of vanity; in frequenting every spot where folly predominates; and in paying homage to a set of beings as vain and insipid as himself! "Sylvio's a fool (cries Vinoso, lifting a bumper to his lips) *this* is happiness; the sound of a cork for *me*, and a fig for your fashions." Hark how gaily he sings "To morrow's a cheat, let's be merry to day; and to time fill a goblet, &c. &c." And now what a thunder of applause resounds from all quarters, whilst "Vinoso's health

—with three times three," exalts him to the pinnacle of his ambition. But mark, Ellen, what an antediluvian figure next appears! the wisdom of ages seems enthroned in his reverential brow; and he gazes steadfastly on the ground, that he may not forget possibly "that from earth he came, and to earth he must return."—Is it so? on the contrary, he has been in that position these two hours, searching for a halfpenny, which a poor beggar unfortunately lost there: and this man, Ellen, possesses millions! He is starving in the midst of opulence; cursed in the midst of blessings; abhorred by the poor, despised by the rich, and ridiculed by all. *His* idea of happiness is obvious! various other characters might be adduced, whose notions of bliss are equally unsubstantial! indeed there is no one, stimulated by worldly motives, that may not be classed under the same head. According to this style of reasoning (you'll say) there is no such thing as real happiness on earth!! None, I am convinced, Ellen, derived from an earthly origin. *Real* happiness must be *permanent;* which can never be the case when the fabric is constructed on a perishable foundation. There are, undoubtedly, innumerable *pleasures* scattered through the thorny paths of life, but they soon wither, like the flowers of the wilderness. Some people will affirm that a man of great fortune may be happy if *he pleases;* but what said Johnson, when Garrick shewed him his enviable possessions, "Ah David—David—these are the things that make a death-bed terrible." What then *is* happiness? (you exclaim) I'll tell you, Ellen—the assurance of a blissful eternity!! When *such* a hope inspires the soul, we have a real zest for the innocent amusements of life; they appear to us then in their true colours—as temporary blessings, for which we should be truly grateful; and not (as the world is too apt to make them) the *ne plus ultra* of our expectations. In short, there can be no real happiness unconnected with genuine religion; and let me intreat you, Ellen, to make it your chief (I had almost said your *only)* study. Peruse the sacred volume attentively, and I trust you will soon be convinced that the gospel is not the gloomy offspring of monkish superstition, nor the wild sallies of enthusiasm, but the words of truth and soberness; the bulwark of virtue, and the fountain head of divinity.

And now, my Ellen, farewell! I have left you a wide field for contemplation; and, if I may judge from the general tenor of your conduct, I have not left it in vain. Youth, like the sun-beam of December, soon fades; and when the horrid night of death arrives, whither shall we fly for refuge? Ask your own heart, Ellen, and rest assured of an interest in the prayers of

X. EUGENIO.

De-

DEBORAH FRISK TO ELIZABETH BACKSTITCH.

Oh my dear Mrs. Betty, I have such news for you, I'm quite exported with joy! what do you think? Our dear sweet Mr. John has purposed a dansing society for next winter. Oh how I loves a hop! it gives one sich sperits; and then only to see how devinely Mr. John foots it; Lud, lud, what will become of our poor palpalating harts, when he puts on his new green and gold livery! "O Cuppid! God of fond alarms." But, dear me, I quite forgot the danse. Here are the purposals sweet Mr. John sent me: "Purposals for a munthly bawl, to be had at the Cat and Fiddle Inn; nun-subscribers, two-pence halfpenny per night; subscribers, two-pence only; gin twist included. Tea at nine o'clock; every ladey to bring her own shuggar; no smoaking 'till after tea, ladies excepted. Every bawl to begin with a cowtillion, and to end with a minnywit. N.B. Cuppid, the blind fiddler will atend at sixpense per night, fiddle-strings and rozzum excepted." Now is'nt that devine! Do, Mrs. Betty, let me put down your name, but don't forget to remember that I'm engaged the too first danses with our Mr. John!

DEB. FRISK.

POST SCRAP.—Which do you think suits my perplexion best—pink or purpel?

X.

MR. EDITOR,

I don't know what sort of a being Eugenio may be, but one would almost suppose, from his serious addresses to Ellen, that he really believed *women* have *souls*.

Your's,

X. GRUFF.

POSTSCRIPT

TO

THE RING.

(Continued from Page 774.)

WHEN the unfortunate jeweller had, in some measure, recovered from his fright, he enquired of his son, who had been at the shop after his going out the day before, if he had shewn the ring to any one? It was perfectly safe when he went in to dinner, having hasped it up himself, and the depredation had been made since. The young man protested he had shewn it but to one lady, who had bought a brooch, and a few pearls; and this was the young and beautiful duchess of Lansquenet, the finest woman he ever saw; her eyes outsparkled even the diamond he had the honour to shew her.

The duchess was a very beautiful woman, but had the character of being a little *trickified;* was a great gamestress, and whoevet played with her, kept a sharp look out; she had called too in the dusk of the evening, an odd time to look at jewels; besides she had seen it several times, and it was no novelty; and on these grounds he immediately fixed on the duchess as the thief.

The son warmly reprobated the idea. "Such a beautiful woman, with such a pair of eyes, impossible!"

"Eyes! why has the fool taken leave of his senses? what has a tradesman to do with fine eyes? unless to have the teeth taken out of his head by them. I have been thirty years married to your mother, and do not know what colour her eyes are of to this day, and yet I have no fault to find with my wife. But I now see into the whole business; while you, like a sapskull and a blockhead, who will never do any good for yourself, was stealing a look at her eyes, she watched her opportunity to steal my diamond. But I will not be bamboozled by any duchess in the kingdom, she has stolen the jewel, and I will tax her with it to her face."

The young man earnestly entreated his father would not run headlong to ruin; it must be impossible; he requested him to consider too the dignity of the person about to be accused.

A customer coming in, put an end to the dispute. Indeed the jeweller's mind was wrought to such a fit of distraction, as to be wholly incapacitated to attend to business, and he was compelled to shut himself up, to aggravate the torture by reflection.

To do the tradesman justice, he was neither an ill-natured being, nor deficient in understanding; neither servilely cringing to his customers, nor in the smallest degree imposing. He never receded from a fixed price, that price, on a proper calculation, being the lowest he could possibly take for the article; and was in every respect so just in his dealings, that his shop was not only crowded with customers of distinction, but an abatement seldom asked. His present incoherency then, was to be attributed to the present perturbation of his mind, suddenly attacked, and surprised into passion, almost to distraction, by the loss of a jewel of such great value. The rage and fury of sudden impulse subsiding in a degree, by having vent, the unfortunate jeweller became more composed. Composure brought reflection, and reflection hinted that accusing a duchess of theft was easier talked of than done; and that, in fact, it was so serious a point as required very mature deliberation; and if really the case, and to him it appeared incontestibly so, the matter must be managed with great delicacy and address. He revolved the provoking circumstance over and over again in his mind, and the more he reflected, the more he

was

was convinced the birdlime fingers of the duchess had purloined the diamond. That the act was premeditated was unquestionable, and the duchess calling at the shop at a time rather unusual, nearly dusk, strongly cemented suspicions of her grace. He had shewn the ring himself to the divorced Countess Grandfield, had brushed it as usual, and must have discovered the fraud at the time, had it been then committed. It lay open on the counter when he handed her to the carriage, he hasped the case himself, and put it safe, as well as the other trinkets, when he cleared the counter, and went into dinner; nobody since had looked at it but her grace, nor the casket opened, of course none could steal it but her.

But all this was not proof, and if it was, her high rank protected her. But to give up the jewel without a single endeavour at a recovery, he could not think of; 2000l. was a loss he should sensibly feel, and would not put up with quietly. If he did not absolutely accuse the duchess, he was determined to give her a pretty broad hint, and shame, or fear of exposure, might bring restoration. He then, tolerably well satisfied with a happy thought, sat down, and made out her grace's bill, and added to the other articles the ring; informing her, in a polite letter, it was a ready money a ticle, and if not convenient, he would receive the diamond back, but if she retained it, it must be paid for.

The duchess surprised, gave the bill and letter to the duke, her husband. His grace, equally astonished, sent for the jeweller, and sternly demanded what he meant? The poor man stood greatly confounded; he could not support the charge, and hardly knowing what he said, in his confusion, acknowledged her grace had not commanded the ring to be sent home with the pearls and brooch, but supposing, as it was not then at hand, it had been put up with the goods ordered by *mistake*, himself being from home; as it was not returned, supposed her grace intended to do him the honour of purchasing it, and its being a ready money article, induced him to write immediately.

"And have you the insolence to suppose, Sir, the ring would be retained in *my* house by mistake also?"

The distressed tradesman endeavoured to stem the torrent he feared approaching, by apology, but in vain. He was bade to tremble for the consequences, and commanded to quit the house.

As the enraged duke had spoken in a key something higher than concert pitch, and there being always one in a great family keeping guard over the secrets of the ruler, or in other words, the servants, like brother skips, as well as brother soldiers, relieving each other on duty, in the post of *listener*, the business found its way into the servants' hall; they, good-naturedly,

turedly, treated again their friends, 'till spreading like wild fire, the blaze caught the halls of all the nobility in town. The ladies' maids, in their turn, conveyed it to their mistresses. Lady Sneer whispered it as a profound secret to Lady Blab, Lady Blab to Lady Prattle, she to the Countess Bruit, and the countess to the duchess of Lovescandal, so that in two days it got retailed, with additions and improvements, at all the fashionable card tables in town.

Lady Spatterwell very gravely declared "it was a most serious business; for, to her knowledge, having vouchers of undoubted veracity, (though she would not wish to have it transpire) that the young man, the jeweller's son, as well as the shopman, absolutely and *bona fide* saw her grace put the ring in her pocket; but her high rank deterred them from a bustle, Brilliant himself not at home. To be sure the poor man, whom I extremely pity, has taken the most delicate mode by making it a debt, and you see matters will be compromised. Nothing more than a nine days wonder!"

In short, the poor duchess's character became most cruelly and undeservedly aspersed, and in time the rumour reached the ears of the duke, her husband. Exasperated beyond measure, he instituted an action against the jeweller, for defamation of her grace's character, in a sum of 100,000l. The poor man now saw ruin fast approaching. He had not in himself aspersed her character, prudence suggesting silence on the occasion; nor would he enter into, or answer any interrogatory put by the best quality customer he had on the business, and was certain no proof could be brought against him to the contrary. What passed was said to the duke personally, and without direct accusation; he endeavoured to appease by argument and concession; represented the hardship of the case, not only in the first loss of the jewel, but forced into a defence, that would bring him to ruin, on a false charge, and however unhappy the event, the first aspersion must, somehow, have originated in his grace's own family. The duke was a man of infinite good nature, and seeing the business unclouded by the rage of a first impulse of resentment, condescended to compassionate the poor tradesman so far as to suspend the prosecution, though he could not be prevailed on to withdraw it, in giving a little to time, in trying to develope this dark affair.

This proved another theme for conversation at the card tables; but the current was turned, and flowed through the opposite channel.

Every one was now surprised at the fellow's impudence! Common reason must reprobate the charge. "What a duchess! a woman too so beautiful—so amiable—such elegant manners—to be branded as a thief!—'twas monstrous! not to be passed over on any account. The scoundrel deserved to

be

be trounced to the severest letter of the law!" which they all, *charitably*, hoped would leave him without a shirt, penned up in a prison on straw, and bread and water for life.

Whilst this point was discussing, the jeweller lost no time in a distribution of hand bills and advertisements, offering large rewards for apprehending the thief. Observe, he carefully concealed the manner the ring was stolen,—a counterfeit jewel exchanged for a real diamond—that would have again more irritated the duke, and proved the charge of slander on her grace; but stuck literally to the word stolen by some person, or persons unknown, between the hours of ———, and if offered to be pawned or sold, &c. &c. but all in vain, no tidings could be procured of the ring.

We must now return to our heroine: losses at the gaming table encreased; her father, roused almost to frenzy, determined to exert all his fortitude, nor tears, prayers, nor promises, would any longer prevail, and to Rose-Hill she was doomed to return. The tradesmen's bills were all ordered to be brought in, and so many on the part of his daughter (whom he had supplied with money to liquidate), that the old gentleman was nearly distracted. In short he found payment beyond his ability, without taking up on mortage of the West India estate; this Merit prevented, by coming forward with a friendly loan. The good gentleman now took care to discharge the bills himself, resolving never more to entrust her with money, and even demanded a draft on Earl Grandfield's steward for re-payment, as her alimony should become due; and the time was near approaching for the journey. One indulgence only was left her,—leave for another fortnight to be present at a masquerade, she had set her heart on, and which was to close the view of public spectacles for ever!

But there was one bill of 250l. due to her mercer, and this bill was not discharged with the rest, simply owing to its not being presented; and for this reason, her father had given her money to discharge this bill long before, on a petitioning letter from the tradesman, which money had taken flight in search of the thousands and thousands lost at the wheel of fortune, 'till calculation was at a stand, and the bill withheld now from very shame, hoping some change in her favour would enable her to discharge it herself; but this had not yet happened, and the man grew clamourous.

She now sent for him, and in very pathetic language apologised for neglect, saying, if she had not money, she had worth, and would put a very valuable diamond in his possession to pay himself. She then produced the ring, under promised confidence and secrecy, informing him, with a sigh, it was her mother's, and nothing but the last exigency would impel her to part with it. That it was of immense value, though she could

not exactly estimate it; to dispose of it for what he could, pay himself, and return her the balance. The tradesman began to compassionate her case, but as his own demanded compassion also, having waited a very considerable time for his money, he took the ring, saying he would act in the business the same as for himself.

She then observed, the only thing she dreaded was, that the circumstance might, by any means, come to the knowledge of her father, who would never forgive her; and as she was reduced to seek again his protection, would embitter the comfort of her future life. She therefore strictly charged him not to offer it at any jeweller's shop, or in the usual way of trade, but to part with it secretly to one of the Jews, as by that means it might not be exhibited to open sale, which, if it was, might, somehow, reach her father, from whom the circumstance, at all events, must be concealed, and she would rather hazard a great loss than run the risk of its coming to his knowledge. The mercer promised to obey the injunction, and respectfully withdrew.

Advertisements still appeared concerning the ring; she knew she run great hazard in offering it to sale, but as she had so positively insisted on its not being offered to any but a Jew, she grew tolerably easy, well knowing few of that tribe would give up a certain profit, for the uncertain stability of a fair character. They would, of course, if the advertisements were recollected, purchase it at a price greatly inferior to the value; but she must abide by the *loss*. It would, at any rate, liquidate the debt, and push cash in pocket, that would enable her to make one bold push more at the gaming-table before she left town, and that push should be attempted at the masquerade, where there would be deep play, and, as it might be the last, something whispered it would be successful.

Again she was afraid she had not explained herself to the mercer sufficiently with regard to the mode of sale, so dispatched to him a note, on no consideration to sell the ring to any but a Jew, nor to shew it but to *one*, if that one was inclined to purchase, and to take what he offered.

(To be continued.)

Jeu d'Esprit respecting the recent Retirement from Public Business of the celebrated Abraham Newland, Esq.

THE resignation of this celebrated character is an event of some importance in the *literary* world. Although not a very voluminous writer, few men have *illustrated* a greater variety of subjects. As a *commentator*, he exceeds the most in-

dustrious names in Dutch, German, or English lore, and it may be said with confidence, that no man of late years has published a work without hoping to profit by some of his *notes*.

It is not, therefore, sufficient, nor becoming, to dismiss the resignation of such a man in a single paragraph. Especial honour is due to a *name* which no human being ever contemplated without respect, and which thousands have repeated as the passport to wealth and happiness.

Of Mr. Newland's family we know but little.—His progenitor was a Mr. *Cash*, descended from the *Bullion* family. The name of *Cash* was changed to Newland some years ago, when the *Guinea* trade began to decline, in which the family had long dealt.

In surveying the services Mr. Newland has rendered to English literature, there is no branch in which he has so eminently excelled, as in *political history* and *political discussion*. In this respect, instead of a present of plate from the bank, we should have expected to hear that he had been dignified by the choicest honours in the gift of government. But governments are said to be ungrateful.

The light which his able *notes* have thrown upon many subjects of political importance, is too well known to require our feeble testimony. In the first proposal, and ultimate execution of measures which, looking merely at the propriety of them, we should have thought hopeless—in the framing of bills and acts of parliament—in sanctioning questions of war, or peace, negociations, subsidies, expeditions, and all the *et cetera* of modern legislation and official wisdom, he has been considered as the grand, though sometimes imperceptible, instrument. It seems to be universally allowed that, without his aid, the minds of many honest representatives could never have been made up, nor their understandings enlightened in such a manner as to bring them to a vote. Indeed, the numbers whom he has taught to *see things* in a *new light*, to *comprehend* what appeared *unintelligible*, and to *support* what they could not *sanction*, nor defend by *unassisted* reason, exceeds all calculation.

Justice compels us to say thus much of the important services of Mr. Newland, because there appears in certain persons an unwillingness to allow him due praise, and because they who owe their all to him, and who know there is nothing respectable in their character but what he bestowed, affect to talk with indifference of their best benefactor. Our readers may remember, that it was but lately, that a gentleman who knows the truth of all we have advanced, and who could have written a much better panegyric than ourselves, had his head been as full of the subject as his heart, openly declared, nay, and vowed

to G—d, that he "knew not of one instance in which the abilities of our author had been employed!"

Perhaps Mr. Newland's modesty may have in some degree obscured his services. What he has done, has too often been done confidentially, and this has been no inconsiderable advantage to the ungrateful, some of whom have been known to attribute that to *deliberation, conviction, argument,* or *conscience,* which was entirely owing to the *manuscript notes* with which our author was in the habit of illustrating certain objects of discussion.

It was an equal proof of his modesty, that although one of the most *promising* men in the kingdom, he never aspired to any of those honours which he enabled others to acquire. He had a considerable share of what is called parliamentary interest, and on that account it is, perhaps, wonderful, that he never was appointed to conduct an army or a fleet. But with such extensive influence, it would yet be more wonderful, if he had had the good fortune to escape censure, and the impartiality which has dictated this encomium obliges us to add, in this place, that he dabbled rather too much in elections, and that some of his *writings,* on these occasions, were little better than *libels* on the *good sense* and *honesty* of the people of this country.

One other objection seems to attach to his character, and we shall dismiss it here, rather than recur to the most unpleasant part of our duty. He was an eager promoter of *marriages* among the *upper ranks,* and this, no doubt, with the honest intention of preventing the evils and temptations of celibacy; but, to whatever cause it might be owing, we certainly never heard of any marriage in which *he alone* was consulted, that did not prove unhappy.

Although the humblest man in his own person and conduct, such was his extreme popularity, that every one was *proud* of his correspondence, a circumstance rather unfortunate than wonderful. For such was his knowledge of heraldry, that he probably created more *gentlemen* and *esquires* in a year, than the college, by its tedious process, can create in ten.

His merit, as to matters of *taste,* has sometimes been called in question, but perhaps unjustly. He has never, indeed, leaned much to *poetry;* but in music and painting, he distinguished himself by his liberality. He was the first to raise the salaries of the theatrical performers, far beyond what is on record in the history of the stage; and this, perhaps, may have brought upon him the suspicion just alluded to. Certain it is, he has sometimes contributed to make *rich* actors, when he could not make *good* ones.

In the knowledge of architecture he excelled. No man built faster, which occasioned the late Dr. Johnson to say of Mr.

Mr. Newland's customers, that " their palaces rose like exhalations." One of them, it is well known, expended 40,000l. upon a house, from the small salary of 800l. a year, and was to expend as much more, if the person who furnished the *materials* had not been obliged to *stop payment*. Nor is it in single houses only that Mr. Newland's talents have been displayed. The greater part of the new buildings at Margate and Brighton have been *laid out* by his influence.

But in whatever private or inferior respects this great name has been venerated, it is after all its influence in the political world, that the future historian will dwell upon with the most luminous fluency. A few persons, indeed, have affected to despise and reject his services; but the *majority* know better. With respect to his temper, some have pretended to be insulted by the offer of his assistance in making up their minds on great questions; but this is probably owing to their own irrascibility, since wiser and greater men have agreed to *pocket such affronts*.

To conclude, the unprejudiced part of mankind will not leave it to posterity to celebrate the merit by which so many have profited. Proofs so striking as those which have been lately exhibited, are irresistible, and their value will not be thought the less, because they have been published under the cautious and unassuming name of reports.

SKETCH *of the* LIFE *of the celebrated* M. DELOLME.

THE late John Lewis Delolme, L.L.D. was a citizen of Geneva, and practised as an advocate in that city. He resided some time in England, and gained considerable celebrity in this country by his literary talents. His first work in the English language was " A Parallel between the English Constitution, and the former Government of Sweden," which he published in 1772. In this pamphlet, Delolme presented his readers with a view of the constitution of the Swedish government, prior to the revolution, which had just then taken place in that country, in order to shew its great difference from that of England, and he seemed to apprehend that the inhabitants of this country were in the greatest danger of falling under the power of an aristocracy.

Three years after this, in 1775, he published his celebrated treatise, entitled " The Constitution of England, or an Account of the English Government." This work had been originally written by its author in French, and was translated by himself, and considerably enlarged and improved in the English edition. The reputation of this book was not a little increased by the great character given of it by the celebrated

Junius, who speaks of it more than once with high encomiums, and recommended it to the public as a performance, deep, solid, and ingenious. Nor is it Junius alone who has praised it in the strongest terms. It has been mentioned with equal applause, by some of the most illustrious members of the British senate, among whom may be reckoned the names of a Camden and a Chatham. In the introduction of this work, Mr. Delolme observed, that it might be deemed presumptuous in a man who had passed the greater part of his life out of England, to attempt a delineation of the English government; but to this it might be answered, that though a foreigner in England, yet as a native of a free country, he was no stranger to those circumstances which constitute or characterize liberty.

In 1777, he published in one volume quarto, "The History of the Flagellants," in which he proposed to himself the moral instruction of the age, by giving a striking proof of that deep sense of justice which exists in the breasts of all men, and the entertainment of philosophers and critics by furnishing them with an unusual subject of speculation and debate. He produced many authorities to prove that the use of flagellation prevailed among the ancient heathens, both as a punishment for slaves, captives, and criminals, and as a voluntary act of religion. Voluntary flagellations began to be countenanced by men of great eminence, and to come into general practice in the eleventh century. Of the severity with which they were used, M. Delolme gives many wonderful instances, and the infliction of this punishment by the hands of the confessor having soon after this become general, it was submitted to even by princes, nay, women became subject to castigation from the monks, which led to great abuses.

In 1787, he published, "An Essay, containing a few Strictures on the Union of Scotland with England." This work consisted of two parts, the first of which gave a plain, concise, perspicuous view of the relative state of England and Scotland, from the time of Edward I. to the union in 1707. This part forms an excellent introduction to the history of that union, by De Foe. The second part related to Ireland, and was partly written by another hand, and gave a view of the procedure respecting the Irish propositions, and earnestly recommended an incorporating union between Great Britain and Ireland.

In 1788, he published a quarto pamphlet, containing "Observations relative to the Taxes on Windows and Lights." Mr. Delolme in this little *jeu d'esprit*, appeared to be extremely well satisfied with his own observations, and ran on to a great length, turning and returning the playful images of his fancy, pleased to think that his readers would be at least diverted if not instructed. He very seriously proposed in lieu of the window-

tax,

tax, a duty on the tonnage of houses should be substituted, which he thought extremely eligible. He also proposed to remove the cattle market from Smithfield, to some place in the fields near St. Pancras, and humanely advised that water should be provided for the poor, thirsty, tortured cattle, exposed for sale in that detestable place.

In 1789 he printed a pamphlet, containing "Observations on the late National Embarrassment." These observations, related to the king's illness, and they contained an ingenious explanation of the rights of the heir-apparent, and some acute remarks on the conduct, respectively, of the contending parties in the course of the proceedings on that business. This pamphlet was soon afterwards answered anonymously, and M. Delolme met with a formidable antagonist, who treated him somewhat cavalierly,

M. Delolme had a surprizing extent of knowledge on all subjects, and was worthy of rivalling Mr. Burke in the variety of his illustrations. He was remarkably temperate and simple in his mode of living, and possessed an admirable temper, with a strong turn of humour; indeed, all his conversation, even on the most serious subjects, was marked by something of an arch shrewdness. He did not much sacrifice to the graces in point of dress and personal delicacy; but his company was always valuable on account of the stores of his mind. During his residence in England, it has been said, notwithstanding his superior abilities, he suffered many conflicts to which poor authors are liable, with a considerable degree of irritability.

Principles of a new Art of Short Memory, called on the Continent, Mnemonics.

[From the Monthly Magazine].

To the Editor,

Sir,

I Here communicate the principles of an art of short memory, which I have practised for upwards of twenty years, and in occasional exhibitions of which I have frequently entertained parties of my friends; to many of whom I have also, at times, communicated the principle on which I founded the practice.

You may readily conceive that I have lately been a good deal amused by various pompous notices in foreign journals, of the invention and practice of a new and mysterious art, called mnemonics, by some Frenchman in Paris, a city which of late years, as we all unhappily know, has become the focus of every species

species of quackery, and charlatanry, political, religious, and scientific.

We all recollect the famous phantasmagoria, a piece of optical conjuring of French invention, which consisted of nothing more than giving opacity to the plain parts of the sliders of the magic lantern, by which, however, a Frenchman contrived to realize a handsome fortune in London in a single winter! And we have none of us forgotten the scientific toy, the air-balloon, another wondrous French invention, by which various Frenchmen have realized large sums in England. It would, indeed, be difficult to trace to that boasting and giddy people any discovery or invention of the slightest importance or benefit to mankind.

Lest this art of mnemonics should also be converted into a means of picking the pockets of our countrymen, I feel it my duty to anticipate the developement of this mystery, by stating its obvious principles in a popular way, so that it may henceforward be practised without difficulty by all persons to whom it may be useful.

The art, as it is called, of mnemonics is founded simply on the powers of association in the human mind. Every person who has twice travelled the same road, will have brought to his recollection, during the second journey, the feelings of his mind, the subjects of conversation, and other trivial incidents which occurred during his first journey, the moment he comes again within sight of the successive objects.

These recollections will, of course, take place in travelling along the road exactly in the same order as the objects which bring them again before the mind. It is evident, therefore, that all that is wanted to enable us to retrace any set or succession of ideas, is an unvarying set or continuity of objects with which we can associate those ideas.

Any person who wishes to try an experiment on this power of association, need only make use of the succession of rooms, closets, stair-cases, landing-places, and other remarkable spots or divisions, of his own house, with all the parts of which he may be supposed to be very familiar. Let him apply any word or any idea to the several parts of the house, in any determined order of their succession, and he will find it almost impossible, in recalling the same order of the parts of the house, not to associate the idea or word which he had previously annexed to each part. Thus, for example, a person may learn the succession of the kings of England in ten minutes, by annexing the names of each succeeding monarch to the successive rooms, closets, and principal parts of his own house, beginning at the upper story, and regularly descending, or at the lower story, and regularly ascending.

Any

Any other permanent and familiar class of objects will, in general, answer the purpose better than the rooms of a house. I was myself educated in the vicinity of Oxford-street, and the streets running out of that street south and north (beginning at Charles-street, Soho-square, and proceeding to Dean-street, Chapel-street, and so on to Park-lane, and down on the other side to Rathbone-place, and Hanway-yard) are the permanent and familiar set of objects, which I make use of for my own purpose of successive association. The counties in England, the kingdoms and the countries throughout the world, the villages, and other objects on a great road, or the streets of a city, are all well suited to this business of association; and either of them may be taken indifferently by various persons, according to their acquaintance with them. The greater the variety of ideas connected with this set of objects, which may be called *the associating key*, the more easy, and the more certain is the power of recollection.

Most of your readers are well acquainted with Gray's Memoria Technica, the outline of which has lately, I see, been introduced into Robinson's Grammar of History, from which I hope it will be taught as a supplement to the science of arithmetic in all our schools. I consider the art which I have described above to be an important addition to the Memoria Technica, having often found it very useful in the prosecution of my own studies, and in the business of life.

If I do not hazard a charge of egotism, I shall mention, as illustrative facts, that by this new art I once committed to memory, in a single morning, the whole of the propositions contained in the three first books of Euclid, and with such perfection, that I could for years afterwards specify the number of the book on hearing the proposition named, and could recite the proposition on hearing the number and the book; and I have frequently, in mixed companies, repeated backwards and forwards from fifty to an hundred unconnected words, which have been but once called over to me. I may also add, to prove the simplicity of the plan, that I taught two of my own children to repeat fifty unconnected words in a first lesson, of not more than half an hour's continuance.

I am,

Your old correspondent,

COMMON SENSE.

London, June 21, 1807.

Mr. Pinkerton's Description of the Parisian Cemetries.

BEFORE the revolution, the church-yards in Paris were not numerous, the burials being often in the churches themselves.

themselves. That of the Innocents was the largest and most remarkable, a predilection for its presumed holiness having been adopted by the devout. In consequence of this, it was so crowded with bodies, as to infect the cellars in the neighbourhood, and to threaten a disgusting rupture of the walls. The bodies were therefore removed during successive nights, and the whole paved, and reduced to the level of the streets. The reports on this subject are curious, but severe lessons of humiliation.

Since the salutary law, ordaining that the dead should not be buried in churches, nor even in the city, only two church-yards are open in this populous capital. One of these public cemeteries is at Clamart, beyond the garden of plants, which serves for the southern half of the city, including the Hotel Dieu; the other, serving for the northern half, though this be arbitrary, is in a small irregular vale, on the southern declivity of Mont Martre.

The latter repository is not only in a picturesque situation, but variegated by the unevenness of the ground; it is surrounded with a wall of moulded clay, capped with flat tiles, to protect it from the weather, and supported by so many buttresses, that probably a stone wall could have been erected at an equal expence. The sexton lives at some distance, but it is seldom necessary to wait five minutes, before one of the numerous dead arrives, when the gate is opened. On entering, you see to the left a sandy elevation of the natural soil, declining towards the west. The coffin is let down on the edge of this declivity, to a shelf at a small depth, and covered with a few shovels full of sand. A husband, wife, or relation, gives a parting look, sheds a few tears, and turns away. If the body come from an hospital, it is only inclosed in a sack, and borne by two men on a hand-bier, over which two half hoops support a linen cloth. Aware of the indecency of this slight inhumation, the sexton will not permit you to go so far as to command a view of the declivity, interspersed with coffins and sacks. But the smell is offended at the distance of forty or fifty yards, if the wind blow from the cemetery. Respect is due to the dead, and greater decency would be commendable. The rapidity with which the burials are hastened, also deserves reprobation, the bodies never being kept above twenty-four hours, so that the death can scarcely be ascertained; the bodies are, however, exposed in the gateway of the hotel, with tapers and holy water, which is sprinkled over the coffin by the devout visitants.

Towards the right, or eastern part of the church-yard of Mont Martre, there is a little deep vale, planted with weeping willows and shrubs, interspersed with neat tombs of stone. This part is reserved for those of a superior class; and the epitaphs, in French, are sometimes elegantly concise.

REFLECTION.

A Constant recollection of the omniscience and omnipresence of God is one of the strongest securities against a vicious course of life.

AN ANECDOTE.

AS Xenophon studied elegance in other points, so he was particularly fond of handsome armour. For he used to say, that the most splendid habit was becoming him who had subdued his enemies; and that he who died in battle would be gracefully extended, covered with beautiful armour, which would form at once the ornaments and the sepulchral dress of a brave man. The son of Gryllus is reported to have furnished himself with a shield from Argos, a breast-plate from Athens, an helmet from Bæotia, and a horse from Epidaurium. Such a selection indicates the man of taste, and a consciousness of his own dignity.

LONGEVITY.

THOUGH we cannot always attach long life to local situation, yet this island has produced several instances in which that circumstance has been manifested; but very few appear so singular as the following in the parish of Barfeston, or Barston, in the county of Kent:—In the nave of the church is a mural tablet of white marble—"In memory of Richard Harvey, esq. and Elizabeth his wife, who resided fifty years in that parish, and died at Sandwich; he on the 20th of February, 1798, aged 83 years; she on the 14th of January, 1799, aged 82 years. They lived together 64 years complete, in the greatest harmony and affection." Such is the record of this once happy couple. They were the parents of Captain John Harvey, who was mortally wounded in the memorable battle of the 1st of June, 1794, under Earl Howe; and of the present Admiral Sir Henry Harvey, K. B.

The parish of Barreston has also furnished other facts of great length of life, no less extraordinary. It is recorded that, in 1700, its rector was buried at the advanced age of 96. The clergyman who preached his funeral sermon was 82; he who read the service 87; the parish clerk was of the same age, but absent; the sexton was 86, his wife above 80, and some of the adjoining parish of Coldred, who were upwards of 100, attended the funeral.

Answer, by W. D. of Bristol, to T. Bullock's Rebus, inserted August 10.

HOW greatly, Sir, would all mankind be blest,
Were they of sweet HUMILITY possess'd.

*** Similar answers have been also received from H Ellis, of Exeter; W. D. Champion, and J. Trood, of Bridgewater; G. A. T. Arden, and S. D. of South Petherton; J. Joyce, and R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; J. Woodman, of North Curry; and J. A. Dyer, of Taunton.

Answer, by D. G. of Hinton St. George, to G. A. F. Arden's Rebus, inserted the 24th of August.

MONTACUTE is the pleasant village,
Fertile by nature, without tillage.

† Similar answers have been received from W. D. of Bristol; J. Whitsell, of Street; and W. D. Champion, and J. Trood, of Bridge-water.

A REBUS, *by Rusticus, of Awliscombe, Devon.*

AN English city, Sirs, display;
An English tree you will essay;
An English beast you next must find;
An English county call to mind:
An English fruit that you know well;
An English shrub I'd have you tell;
An English bird you will explain;
An English king in battle slain;
An English admiral bring to view,
Whom Mynheers once had cause to rue:
The initials, Sirs, when right combin'd,
An English general you will find.

An ENIGMA, *by J. A. Dyer, of Taunton.*

IN Albion's favour'd isle 'tis strange
That fashions should so often change;
And that which now the *ton* appears
Will be forgot in future years:
I and my brother you may find
Are sad examples of the kind;
Once we were high in estimation,
And us'd in general thro' the nation;
But now we both are laid aside,
In musty coffers doom'd to hide;
And if by chance in use we're found,
Its almost level with the ground:
Tho' with a polish'd tongue I'm blest,
The gift of speech I ne'er possess'd.

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§ *A gentleman requests some ingenious correspondent will send, for insertion, the natural history of the earwig.*

☞ *The writer of the lines on love, and D. G. of Hinton St. George, omitted to pay the postage of their letters, and of course their communications do not appear.*

[*‖ *Several rebuses, and other articles, are rejected on account of inaccuracy.*

§†‖ *T. W.'s poetry is too childish for insertion.*

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

MORNING INVITATION.

THE lark proclaims the rising morn,
The dew-drop trembles on the thorn,
The cheerful music of the horn,
Invite us to the field.

The shining planet's golden ray
In splendour gilds the infant day,
Rise then, my fair, and lets away
Across the verdant lawn.

The sun has tipp'd the eastern gate,
The reaper sings, with joy elate,
The partridge calls its faithful mate,
As I resound the lay.

The spaniel snuffs the tainted gale,
Soft echo wakes the slumb'ring vale,
Rise then, my fair, and lets inhale
The fragrance of the morn.

Camborne. J. B.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

AUTUMN: *A* SONNET.

SEE autumn mild, with garlands crown'd appear,
Gaily advancing o'er the fertile fields
With graceful mien, where smiling plenty yields
The joyful harvest of another year.

The rustic swains with pleasure now behold
The fertile plains, with fruitful corn abound;
Luxuriance scatter'd o'er the teeming ground,
And fair Pomona all her stores unfold.

"These are thy glorious works, Parent of Good!"
Father Almighty! from whose bounteous hand
Flow all the blessings that enrich the land;
Thou sole provider of our daily food:

Then while I live may I thy favours share,
And trust in thee for ev'ry future care.

Tiverton, September 7, 1807.

IMMORTALITY *of the* SOUL.

WHEN the pale moon still slumber'd in her cave,
Nor mov'd her spirit murm'ring on the wave;
When not a zephyr o'er the vi'let stray'd,
No sun-beam wanton'd, and no shadow play'd,
The ONE existed. At his mighty word
The waters felt; the depths of darkness heard;

The

The sun up sprang; and man first drank this air,
The Maker's image, and the godhead's care,
Tho' born of earth form'd nature to controul,
And is a mortal of ethereal soul.
Then see him fallen. Must his hopes decay,
His transports fade, his thoughts dissolve away?
As flies the chaff upon the eastern wind,
And barely leave a passing wreck behind?
Oh! did no angel's love, no godhead's care,
Cherish the scion which it planted here?
Low with the clod, forgotten must it lie,
And blush and open but to fade and die?
Ignoble thought! that He whose righteous sway
Directs the year, and guides the golden day,
Who calls the tide from ocean's farthest cave
For man's support—Omnipotent to save!
Should destine, ere his fated course began,
Death to the soul as to the nerves of man.

Can then the mercy which, in Egypt's tide,
For man bid waves be still, and seas divide,
Which Sion led thro' desert shores afar,
By day her pillar, and by night her star;
Bid us thro' life's frail shoals and quicksands roam,
Yet not provide against our end—a home.
Oh! No! to this his anxious creatures turn
From where the dimpling beams on Ganges burn,
To where hoarse Gambia! round thy nightly flow
The sable nations weep their chains of woe;
And by their sighs confess this truth imprest,
That hopes of Heaven lie deep in every breast.

Nor vain these hopes; for not on man, in vain,
Was heap'd affliction, misery, and pain;
That thro' this life his wearied feet should stray,
Disease and death companions of his way;
Yet no hereafter live to soothe his woe,
Or recompence the tears he shed below.
For what is life? that it creates a sigh
To leave this dreary region, and to die.
Awhile it smiles; the raging whirlwinds sweep;
Spent are our joys, and all our sorrows weep;
Health, youth, and hope, in gloomy silence flown,
And only sorrow left us for our own.

B. B.

EVENING: *A* SONNET.

MARK how the cloudless west effulgent glows
With the mild lustre of departing day,
The broaden'd sun shoots forth a lingering ray,
And o'er the scene a trembling radiance throws:

But the bright evening hastens to a close;
Light shadowy vapours soft in ether play,
The splendid eye of heaven sinks fast away,
"And leaves the world to darkness" and repose!

So tranquil, yet so awful is the scene,
Where virtue's favourite son resigns his breath;
Calm is his countenance, his smile serene,
And no distrusting terrors lurk beneath,

Nor dares one anxious passion intervene,
To shade the temper'd glories of his death.